Vol. XCIX
No. 1

GARGOYLE

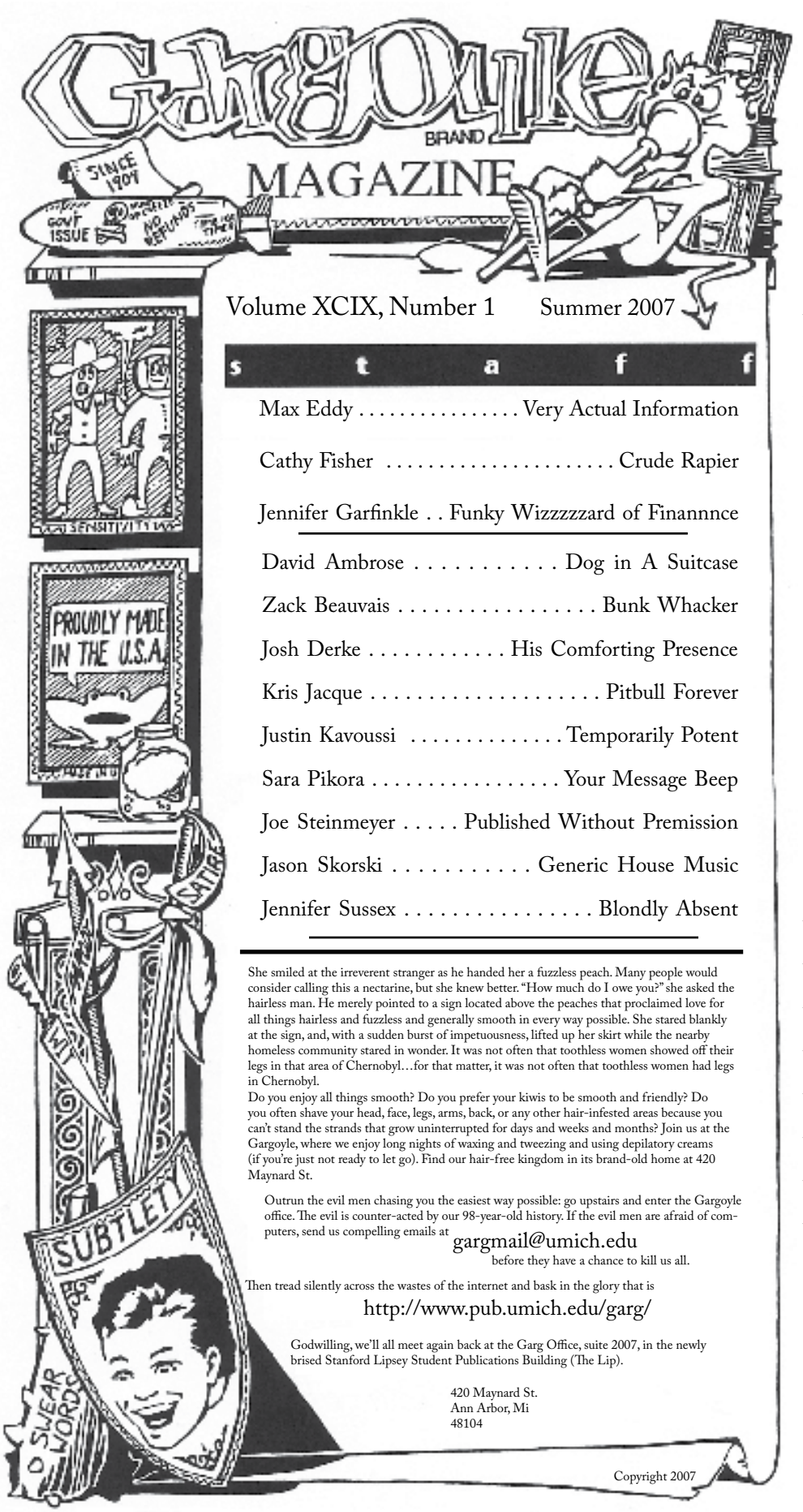
HUMOR MAGAZINE

Silver

Tonto

How the Midwest Was Won

Est. 1909



Volume XCIX, Number 1 Summer 2007

s t a f f

Max Eddy . . . . . Very Actual Information

Cathy Fisher . . . . . Crude Rapier

Jennifer Garfinkle . . Funky Wizzzzzard of Finannnce

David Ambrose . . . . . Dog in A Suitcase

Zack Beauvais . . . . . Bunk Whacker

Josh Derke . . . . . His Comforting Presence

Kris Jacque . . . . . Pitbull Forever

Justin Kavoussi . . . . . Temporarily Potent

Sara Pikora . . . . . Your Message Beep

Joe Steinmeyer . . . . . Published Without Premission

Jason Skorski . . . . . Generic House Music

Jennifer Sussex . . . . . Blondly Absent

She smiled at the irreverent stranger as he handed her a fuzzless peach. Many people would consider calling this a nectarine, but she knew better. "How much do I owe you?" she asked the hairless man. He merely pointed to a sign located above the peaches that proclaimed love for all things hairless and fuzzless and generally smooth in every way possible. She stared blankly at the sign, and, with a sudden burst of impetuousness, lifted up her skirt while the nearby homeless community stared in wonder. It was not often that toothless women showed off their legs in that area of Chernobyl…for that matter, it was not often that toothless women had legs in Chernobyl.

Do you enjoy all things smooth? Do you prefer your kiwis to be smooth and friendly? Do you often shave your head, face, legs, arms, back, or any other hair-infested areas because you can't stand the strands that grow uninterrupted for days and weeks and months? Join us at the Gargoyle, where we enjoy long nights of waxing and tweezing and using depilatory creams (if you're just not ready to let go). Find our hair-free kingdom in its brand-old home at 420 Maynard St.

Outrun the evil men chasing you the easiest way possible: go upstairs and enter the Gargoyle office. The evil is counter-acted by our 98-year-old history. If the evil men are afraid of computers, send us compelling emails at

gargmail@umich.edu

before they have a chance to kill us all.

Then tread silently across the wastes of the internet and bask in the glory that is

http://www.pub.umich.edu/garg/

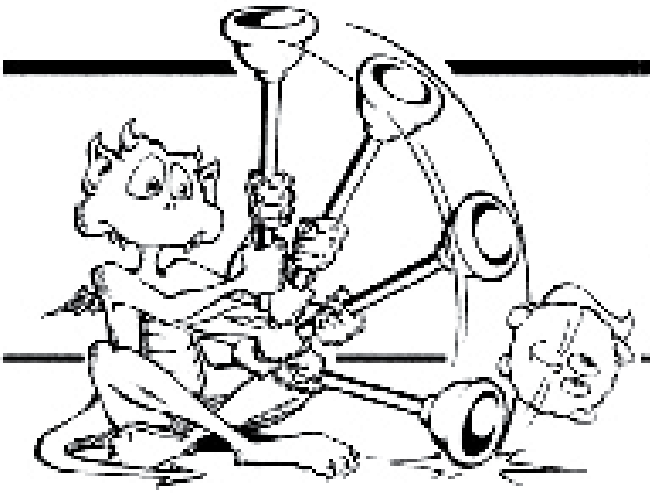
Godwilling, we'll all meet again back at the Garg Office, suite 2007, in the newly brised Stanford Lipsey Student Publications Building (The Lip).

420 Maynard St.
Ann Arbor, Mi
48104

Copyright 2007

Table of Contents

1. Cover
2. This Page
3. That Page
4. Philosophy
5. Letters
6. Propoganda Poetry
7. Man Powered Kool-Aid
8. Broke-Back Dinos
9. Sex Object 4
10. Lesser Known Wars
12. Erotic Melville
14. Disappointed Iraqi Bears
15. Meat Dreamer - Classic!
16. Delivering a Package
18. Wendy's Prophet
20. ! ! ! Cut ups ! ! !
21. Detective Brown
22. Roooooooooomba
23. Oh Yeah, Heaven
24. Emails from God(?)
26. How To Draw
27. Mary Sue Mask
28. Pudge
32. Che Guverra Dolphin



GargOyle PHILOSOPHY

by Max

This is, for those of you playing along at home, the first edition of the 2007-2008 Gargoyle Humor magazine! I'd pause for your applause and panty-throwing but we have a lot of ground to cover and as you can see, not a lot of space to do it in.

As the first issue of the year, this is a sort of "Best Of" issue, containing the cream of last year's crop. Minutes, literal minutes, were spent agonizing over what would go into this edition of the magazine with the sole intent of projecting unto the reader the sheer depth and breadth of the Gargoyle's collective genius.

For some of you, this is the first time reading the Gargoyle. If this is the case, I suggest you turn to page 6, and follow the instructions printed there. In fact, why don't you all do that right now, then come back and keep reading.

◇◇◇

You there! Think of something after you write it down and send it to our squad of scratch & sniff goiter mongers at

gargmail@umich.edu

If you spell your name Wright, we promise to print it.

Or visit us on the Interwebnet at:

http://www.pub.umich.edu/garg/

Dear Gargoyle,

I am an eight year old student at Angell Elementary in Ann Arbor. Some of my little friends have been going around and saying there is no Shaky Jake. Dad says if they print it in the Gargoyle it's true. Please tell me the truth. Is there a Shaky Jake?

-Virginia Samford

Dear Virginia

Yes, Virginia, there is a Shaky Jake. He exists as certainly as you or me, as sunshine or rainbows, as happiness or love. Think, Virginia, how sad and dreary a world without Shaky Jake would be. If not for Shaky Jake, what reason would you have to stay up late and roam the streets of Ann Arbor alone? Without him, who would croon melodies and play the one-string guitar? Without Shaky Jake, there would be no more glee in this fair city. Shame on your little friends, Virginia. Have they no faith? Some may live in Ann Arbor for years and never see him play, but that doesn't mean he does not exist. Shaky Jake exists inside of your heart, deep down, as a reminder of what Ann Arbor truly is. All of the beauty and edge that exude from the streets of this city is embodied in Shaky. Be grateful, Virginia, that you can proudly walk down the street and say "I believe in Shaky Jake."

-Gargoyle

Dear Gargoyle,

We have recently filed a libel suit against your publication. Granted, you have not written anything that could be considered as an act of defamation, but we believe that it is in our best interest to take preemptive action to ensure that when the time comes we will be ready.

Sincerely,
NAMBLA

Dear NAMBLA,

Good thinking. We'll see you in court.

Love,
The Men and Boys of The Gargoyle

Dear Gargoyle,

Using Magneto Prosthesis Procedure I have contacted aliens on a faraway planet. Here's the conundrum: they are incredibly hot, quadruple-breasted nymphomaniacs who are up for anything. The problem is that bringing them onto our planet would undoubtedly kill us all due to extremely potent STDs. Should I bring them and destroy humanity, but give mankind the best one-night stand of its short, putrid existence?

Sincerely,
A. Nonymous

Dear Mr. Nonymous,

I think we would all agree that we've been long overdue for mass extinction.

-Gargoyle

Dear Michigan Daily,

I am writing this letter to make known my dissatisfaction, nay, sheer disgust with the July 11th, 1912 edition of your now defunct summer news publication The Wolverine. In the op-ed about racial prejudices against the University's new "Hindu" students, the word matriculation was spelled "matriculatoin." Not since the invention of movable type has there been a more grievous spelling error. How are we supposed to have faith in your journalistic integrity if you can't even prevent these simple mistakes? Shame on you,
The Michigan Daily, shame on you.

Sincerely,
The Gargoyle Circa 1913

Do you WRITE?

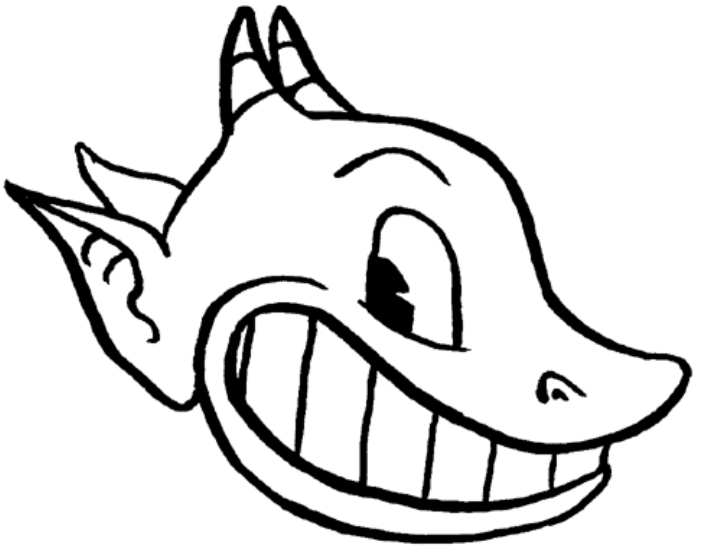
Do you DRAW?

What about other ART THINGS?

Do you DO THE BUSINESS?

Do you have WEB DESIGN TALENT?

Are you interested in being AWESOME?



Than you should come to our
MASSIVE MEETING on
9/7/07
!
It's a **FRIDAY**! From 6-7pm
within the Stanford Lipsey
Student Publication building
(420 Maynard St)
!
What's that? You can't make it?
Well, drop us a line at
GARGMAIL@UMICH.EDU

NINTENDO POETRY

By: Jason

Nintendo Angst

Here I sit
Back to the
Wall

No 1-UPs
No Continues

Broken NES Controller
(couldn't beat Contra even with 30 lives)

Flashing Television Screen
Gray
Black
Gray
Black
Gray
Black
Gray
Black

And the Game Cleaner (tm) swabbing back
And forth
And back
And forth

Trying to clean the
Non-working
Cartridges

Lowering my
Self-
Esteem.

Nintendo Tip Line,
You are my only friend.

The soft, sensuous breathing of Randy
who works the 3-9 AM shift
And the sound of his gruff voice
as he tells me the codes
Not too hard, not too gentle
"UP
DOWN
LEFT
RIGHT"
I can almost smell the
burrito
he eats, talking between bites

The clackety-clack of his keyboard as he looks up
Fresh new tips to
Get
My Life
Back on Track

And the reassurance to "try harder"

"go left, the Tectites won't get you"

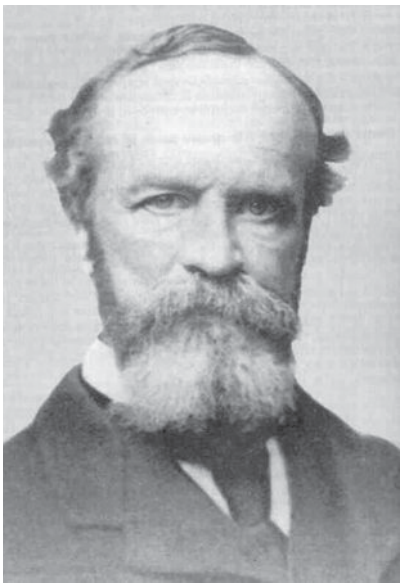
"use the spread gun on the first boss"

"run and jump, run and jump"

When I can beat Wood Man
Then I will have found
Love.

Man-Powered Flight? Madness!

By Horatio Leeland



Your claims of Manpower do not impress me.

You say you believe in man powered flight? Impossible!

You mean to tell me that you believe that thousands of sweaty, be-speedoed men crammed into a dark, moist, tube-shaped craft could peddle with such force on a flight-engine as to raise a mighty ship from the very Earth itself?

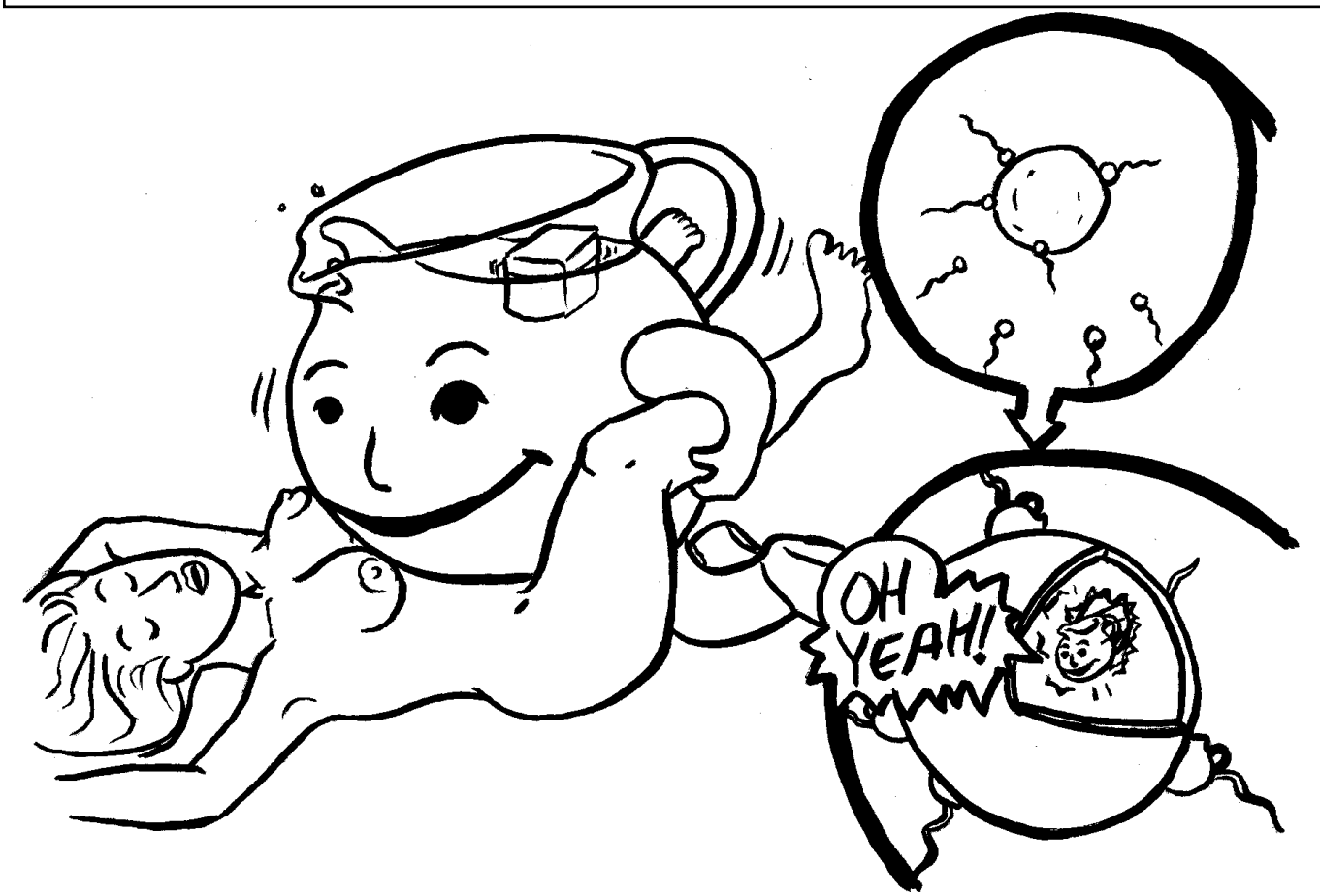
Such a thing is an affront to God.

There is no way that many men, their rippling, bulging muscles gleaming with the sweat of their bodies, could accomplish such a task. These men, crammed so closely together on their stationary bicycles that they are practically atop one another, would surely fail in such a Herculian task, despite their impressive pectorals. The throbbing pulse of their bodies as they pumped the peddles of the flying machine and beat their drenched bodies against one another would surely tear the craft apart!

Men in such close quarters, each breathing heavily over the neck of the man before him, panting like a pair of coupling broncos in the moist jungle, would surely not be able to lift so great a craft as that which you propose. Drenched in sweat as they would surley be, they would still have to be hosed down at least once an hour in order to prevent the friction of the rubbing of the sculpted terrain of their bodies from setting the craft aflame!

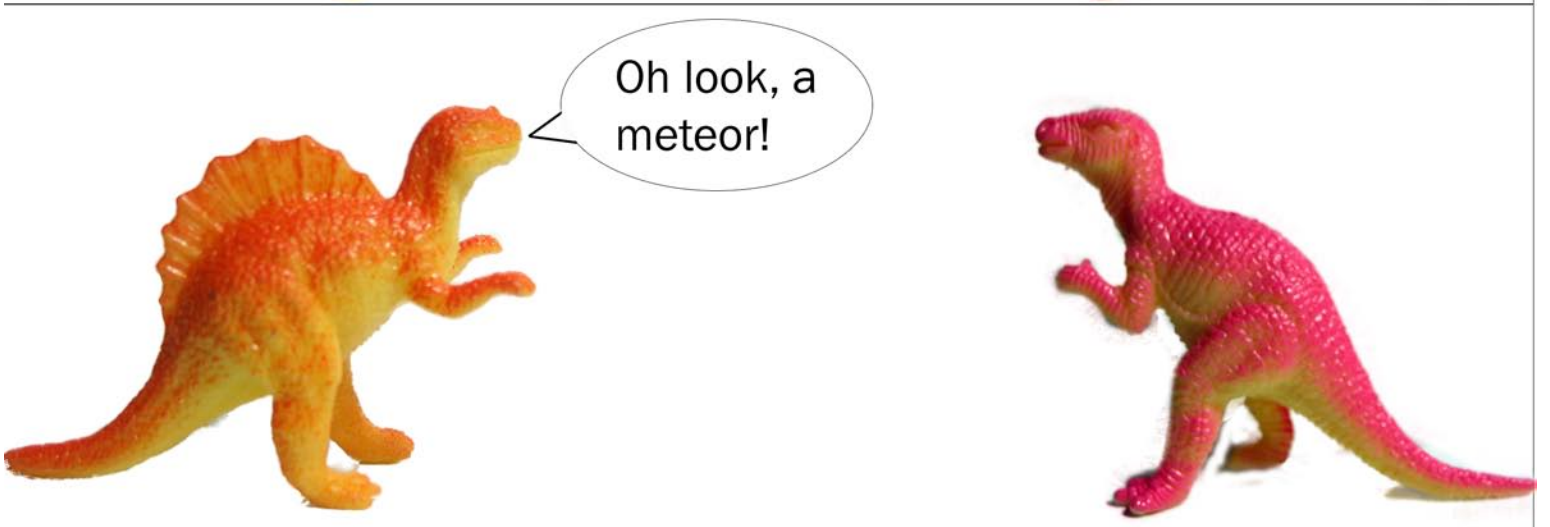
To propose such a preposterous scene--that of thousands of men chained to bicycle-driven engines in the prime of their youth, pushing their physical endurance to the very limit--is ludicrous.

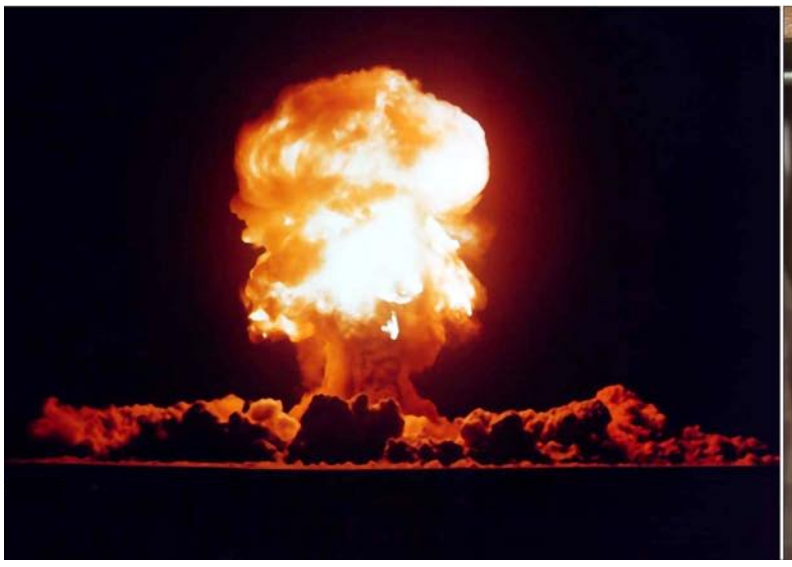
But yes, I would pilot such a vessel if called upon to do so.



Gargoyle Plastic Dinosaur Theatre Presents:

BROKEBACK DINOS





STAIRWAY TO HEAVEN
Ann Arbor
Good Times
Since 1987

340 1/2 S. State St.
Ann Arbor, MI 48104
734-994-3888

M-Th 4-9pm
F-Sat 4-9pm
Sun Noon-8pm

15% OFF Any Purchase
excluding Birthday Discount not valid with other offers. expires 12/31/06

20% OFF Birthday Discount
not valid with other offers. expires 12/31/06

Is dat alles?
Je bent een kenzielig, jaloers vanije
Dat zal wel maar ik ben ten-minste eerlijk.
Ellen, wat ben je toch een naïef meisje. Als je al zijn verhaaltjes voor zoete koek slikt, komt er nog eens een dag dat je er spijt van krijgt.

Denerald moves into the scene, taking a positive stance. He looks over the shoulder of an attractive young brunette lady with a fine scarf and a neck like sweet purple berries. There is a fantastic nectar of sweet perspiration coating her delicate epidermis. She seems not to notice as a wolf-infused pervert descends on her unleashing his deluge of charm attemptingness and confidence effusing. There is nothing left for him to do but speak. "I saw you were drawing a picture of me as I stood here. That's quite a nice picture."

"Oh, it's not you. heeehe. That's funny of you to say so, but I've been working on this for two months now and I've never met you before in my life."

"My name is sex object number 4. I'm here to use you and to be used by you."

"Where have you been all my life? I've been looking for you. You're just as sleazy as the commercial said you'd be."

Lesser-Known Wars of the Twentieth Century

By Albert F. Duckfoot, BFA

The Great Zeppelin War (1923)

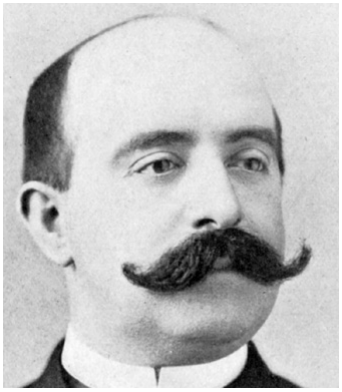


Figure 1: Ambassador Knoblauchermund and his contested mustache.

Following a grievous insult concerning the fullness of a key diplomat's handlebar mustache, Montenegro and Lichtenstein (which admittedly had small armies but, at the time, very considerably-sized Zeppelin fleets) declared war on each other. Since both had been pioneers in developing a new breed of high-altitude dirigible, the battleground was chosen—above the clouds of Central Europe. For several months, the two countries battled relentlessly, neither losing any ground (sky) to the other. Completely unaware of the violent conflict in the clouds above them Europeans went about their daily lives. A victor was never officially declared. One day, after months of losses on each side, the last Zeppelins soared away to destroy each other, never to be seen again. They say on quiet, cloudy nights, you can still hear the echoes of those two majestic giants locked in epic conflict for all eternity.

The Last Hobo-Merman War (1932-39)

Figure 2: Mer-People summoning a giant squid to do their bidding.

Very few humans are privy to the secrets of the great civilization of the Mermen of the Northern Pacific, and fewer still know the details of their history, current events, or ability to speak Fish-Tongue. Most of the knowledge of this apparently devastating war was gleaned from the cryptic hieroglyphs found in boxcars around the country which are apparently all that remains of the once-mighty Hobo Empire. Before this war, Hoboes and Mermen, the two greatest semi-humanoid races on the planet, had lived in peace. The Hoboes ruled the land and the skies with their large, highly-specialized feet and impressive wingspan. The Mermen were, naturally, kings of the oceans and only occasionally ventured onto land in order to gather the 900 human souls necessary to power the thriving underwater capital of Merman society, Sryykthleeax.

Figure 3: FDR---Actually a Merman?

In the 1930's, Hobo society entered a Golden Age owing to a huge increase in the supply of dust and misery (the two main staples of the Hobo diet) as a result of The Great Depression. No one knows why or how but soon after this age of prosperity began, the Mermen declared war against the Hoboes. Tactics of Mer-Hobo warfare were much more subtle than those used by mankind. The Mermen chose to install one of their own as President of the United States—Franklin D. Roosevelt. Contrary to popular belief, Roosevelt (or simply "D", as the Central Mer-telligence Agency referred to him), did not have Polio, but instead a fishlike lower body which was incapable of standing upright without a complex brace system. The Mermen, through Agent D, instituted a set of reforms with the specific intent of decimating Hobo society, entitling them "The New Deal". Historians have theorized that this title implies a plan long in the

making to solve what was often known among the Mermen as "Zryk taseek Lorfaas" or "The Hobo Problem" and establish a new world order revolving around Merman authority. The New Deal was an amazing success for the Mermen. By the beginning of World War II, the Hobo was virtually extinct. For safety's sake, the Mermen attempted to secure Agent D as the permanent dictator of the United States by making sure he was repeatedly elected. Unfortunately for them, the ardently anti-Mer Soviet leader, Josef Stalin saw Roosevelt for what he really was. He took it upon himself to personally eliminate Agent D by forcibly exposing him to the only thing a Merman cannot stand--the letter Q--at the Yalta Conference in 1945.

Today, all that remains of the Hoboes is the many humans who admire the nomadic and carefree Hobo way of life and try to emulate it. Perhaps the Hoboes are not entirely gone, though. Perhaps they're simply waiting for the day to come when they will take to the boxcars once more to wreak their vengeance upon the Mermen. As for us, we can only wait and see.

World War Three (1951-54)

Perhaps the least-known war of the century—with the exception of the Gulf War (see next page)—WWIII resulted in perhaps the greatest loss of human life in world history. Conservative estimates put the death toll anywhere between 400, 000 and 26 million. Little is known about its causes, battles, results, or even location. Some historians are adamant that it originated in South America, while others insist upon western Siberia.

Figure 5: Zipacna, son of Vucub Caquix, Devourer of the Stars, notorious demon.

The complete lack of contemporary and retrospective awareness concerning this war in America can be attributed almost entirely to the bliss of nearly constant "baby-booming" and an alarmingly ardent fascination with the popular television program "I Love Lucy". In fact, the American population's obliviousness was so complete that the firebombing and destruction of three quarters of New York City went completely unnoticed, as it took place during the airing of beloved "Chocolate Factory" episode.

The war, and America's ignorance of it, raged on for 6 years. By the time "Lucy" had ended, however, both sides' armies (whatever their nationality) had suffered staggering losses and been scattered across the vast Siberian/South American wilderness. During what was a traumatic post-war era for much of the world, America simply experienced a small economic pothole and moved on to "Bewitched".

The Four Minutes' War (1967)

Generally acknowledged as the shortest war in world history, the Four Minutes' War was the result of a brief altercation between the rulers of Equatorial Guinea (Mr. Moussambani) and Burundi (Mr. Nguema) in the Amsterdam Airport. The exact chain of events can only be guessed at, but the general consensus is that Mr. Nguema elbowed Mr. Moussambani as the two passed each other. Mr. Moussambani responded with a shove, and a short scuffle broke out which culminated in Mr. Nguema declaring war on Equatorial Guinea. Mr. Moussambani responded in kind, and a series of insults pertaining to the questionable integrity of the other's mother ensued. It looked as if another physical confrontation was imminent until the two irate leaders' aides restrained them. After each had some time to cool off, Mr. Nguema apologized and offered to buy Mr. Moussambani a drink. Mr. Moussambani accepted and ceasefire was agreed upon. Shortly thereafter, in a haze of drunken camaraderie, the war was renounced as a horrible misjudgment on both sides. The next morning, however, stricken by terrible hangovers, each privately acknowledged that further hostilities were inevitable between the two nations.

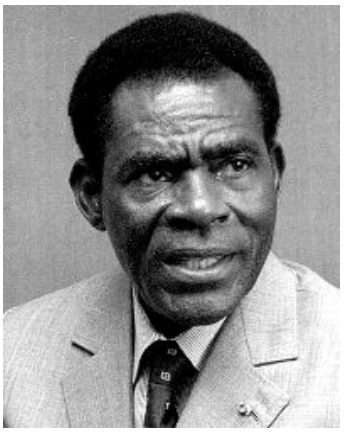


Figure 6: Obiang Nguema, President of Burundi.

Herman Melville's Lost Soft-Core Novel

The Rise of Ensign Kip

By James Thomas

It has been recently reported that researchers at Newport, Rhode Island's Saint Wolbodo College have uncovered a previously unknown novella-length manuscript by Herman Melville. The manuscript, dated 1852, was found in the Newport Public Library's archives filed under erotica.

The newly discovered work explores several issues of sexuality only alluded to in Melville's known works. According to experts at Saint Wolbodo, the find is the most exciting of its kind since the 1972 discovery of James Fennimore Cooper's *The Last of the Iroquois Sodomites.*

"It is a great find for both the literature world and the pornography world. One of the greats of the written word can now be claimed by both sections of the publishing establishment," announced Erik Deanville, editor of "Penthouse Forum", upon purchasing the printing rights to the Melville piece. "He instantly gives an air of credibility to our entire genre."

The work, believed to be entitled *The Rise of Ensign Kip*, follows a young man, Ensign Kip Biggs, upon a journey that reveals to him the horrors of war as well as his true sexuality. *The Rise* begins on the eve of Kip's final night at home before enlistment in the United States Navy. Kip is afraid, both of the looming war with Great Britain and of the idea that he may die a virgin. Kip has his first sexual encounter that night.

The allure of the sea and the sailor seduces his long-time friend Cloey into the thralls of passion with the teenage protagonist. Melville successfully captures the imagery of this encounter with vivid detail; additionally, he puts the sexual tension of the two lovers into context with Commodore Perry's fleet's rev-up to war. Below is an excerpt from this scene, reprinted with the expressed consent of "Penthouse Forum".

"...Cloey's breasts glistened with the rain. Her hard nipples stood guard as sentinels protecting two strategic hills, overlooking the battlefield. The harbor of Erie, as covered by a thick fog, obscured the unknown waters to the great commodore. Thus lay the maid, within a blinding fog of her own, clouding her mind and obscuring the passage between the two forks of her legs. A passage Kip so desperately looked for.

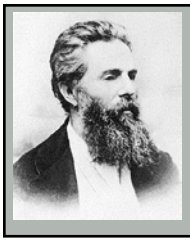
The big forty-four gun dominated the horizon out of the harbor, and every seaman aboard stood erect awaiting his command. The first order would be to secure the hills to prepare for the command post. Kip followed the orders that awaited him, and reached for his lover's breasts.

As a fresh sailor, not yet salty, Kip's maneuvers showed the age of an unsure ensign. He attacked too aggressively. The forty-four fired all of its guns before the battle had even begun. The ship was too antsy and attacked upon the first signal sent from the hills. As a result all of the seamen were lost.

Kip rubbed Cloey's nipples, as she made her first sigh of pleasure. At the sound, Kip penetrated his lover and prematurely ejaculated..."

"There is no doubt that this work is explicitly Melville," said Dr. Charles Samuelson of St. Wolbodo. "The disappointing climax is almost trademark of the nineteenth century master's work. [The previous passage] is starkly reminiscent of Billy Budd's impressment."

Dr. Samuelson continued to explain that Ensign Kip contained several scenes that



Herman Melville - The Life of a Bearded Genius

- Herman Melville was born on August 1, 1819, as the fifty-third child of Allan and Maria Gansevoort Melvill
- In his memoirs, Melville wrote that *Moby Dick* was a symbolic struggle between God and a whale

suggested an autobiographical tone to the manuscript. Following Kip's naval adventures and sexual discovery throughout the War of 1812, the still young ensign travels to Tunis during the Second Tripolonic War. This journey mirrors Melville's own experiences in the Marquesas Islands.

More importantly, the vividly documented encounter between the protagonist and three African prostitutes marks the most bizarre and deviant sexual display of the novella.

"...the three natives' mouths converged on Kip's penis like three fierce mouths of Cerberus attacking the staff of the river man of Styx. The steamy night yearned for forgotten and forlorn pleasure as the sulfurous smoke of hellfire burns with the sin of men mad from lust.

Kip could not take command of the beastly women. The night took the scene of Three Nubian queens punishing a slave with whips and chains of oppression. Tears poured down the ensign's face as the four proceeded to engage in violent sexual intercourse..."

Erik Deanville exclaimed, "It's pure gold! I never thought it would happen to me, but I found the best thing that will ever be printed under the auspices of 'Penthouse Publishing.'"

Mr. Deanville's only qualm with the entire piece came at arguably the most dramatic and important scene of the novella. Granted, the passage in question is very grammatically rough and the ink is smeared in several sections by what appear to be the marks of Melville crying over the story's climax.

Dr. Samuelson explained, "The words are often smeared by what appear to be the author's tears, shed during the drama of the final scene. These minor flaws should only serve as a testament to the personal struggle relinquished upon these pages."

Ensign Kip climaxes in the officers' quarters of a frigate in the Atlantic Ocean. Kip sneaks from his barracks to the officer's quarters to consummate his love for Lieutenant Hathaniel Nawthorne. The name of the lieutenant suggests an obvious homage to Melville's longtime friend and confidant Nathaniel Hawthorne. "The tears seem to be ambiguously centered about each mention of the Lieutenant's name." added Dr. Samuelson. In other instances the thin veil of Melville's naming convention is entirely ignored.

"...Kip knew he was risking court martial and knew he was changing the rest of his life, but he knew it was right (the next few words are obscured)*. He silently snuck into the bed of Lieutenant Nawthorne. As a lookout on perch reaching for his spyglass...*

(This entire paragraph was obscured)

...he cried out in passion, a cry suppressed my thousands of years of tradition and order 'I love you Nathaniel Hawthorne, and always have.'"

The respective families of Herman Melville and Nathaniel Hawthorne could not be reached for comment. The Rise of Ensign Kip is set to be published in installments by "Penthouse Forum" over the course of the next year. A film adaptation starring Roc Hard is also in the works. The film is set to start filming in June and should be widely released on DVD by early July.

The Gulf War (1990-1991)

Figure 7: Val Kilmer, invading Kuwait.

The very least-known of all the lesser-known wars, The Gulf War was a conflict between Iraq and a coalition force of 30 nations, led by the United States, with the intention of liberating Kuwait. It began with the Iraqi invasion of Kuwait following Iraqi contentions that Kuwait was slant-drilling for petroleum across Iraq's border. The coalition won a decisive victory with minimal casualties and drove Iraqi forces out of Kuwait.

Within the United States, the general perception was that "The Gulf War" was a mildly anticipated action thriller starring Val Kilmer and Christian Slater. Few noticed that it was never released and fewer still remember its (perceived) existence. The UN, incidentally, also soon forgot about the war's existence due to general hilarity over new Secretary-General Boutros Boutros-Ghali's name.

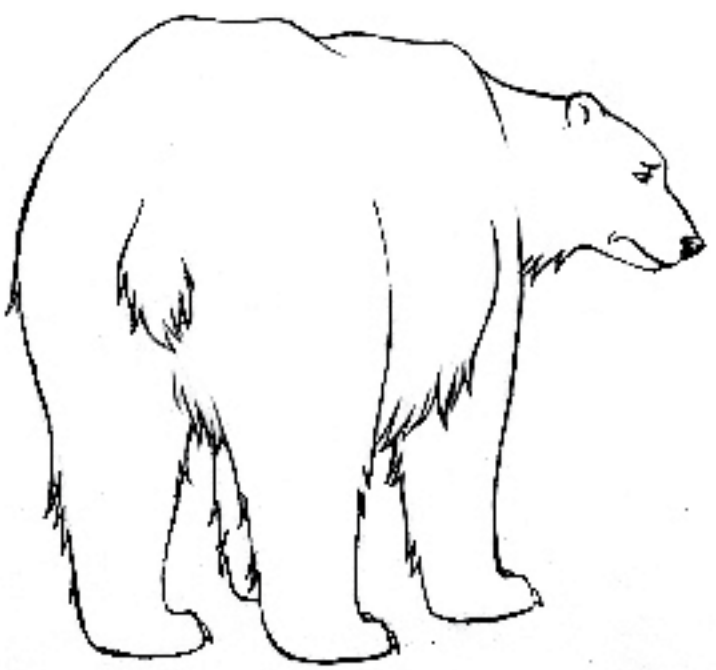
GO DIP YOUR FEET IN
AT NIGHT A HOBO'S BIDET
BY DAY A FOUNTAIN

BLACK PLASTIC CURVING
GENTLY GLISTENING ROUND HEAD
LUKE, IM YOUR DADDY

HEY KIDS!

Have you wanted to be cool like those "Urban Arists" you've seen around campus?
Are you too chicken to actually deface property in the name of art, and too lazy to learn any kind of artisitc craft?

Then the Gargoyle has the solution to all your problems! Simply cut-out these Haikus along the conveniently dotted lines, and then affix to something! See? Its art!



Disappoint-a-Bear!

Feeling DOWNTRODDEN? UN-APPRECIATED? UN-*COOL*?

THEN WE HAVE JUST THE THING FOR YOU!

100% real, live animals with positive outlooks! Ripe for ridicule failure, and disillusionment!

They can't defend their idealism---
ONLY MOAN IMPOTENTLY FOR LACK OF THE ABILITY TO SPEAK!

Call 1-888-BEARSAD today! The first 15 minutes of disappointment----
ABSOLUTELY FREE!

And now a Classic GargOyle comic, from the vaults.

The Prophet Of Wendy's

By DA

In my travels as a monk and a poet, I come across stories that must be retold. This is one of those stories and, like so many other great stories, this one takes place in Wendy's. I was there one Wednesday afternoon in December with my friend Brandon. We sat at a window booth talking of this, that, and the other thing, when all of sudden a bag lady walked in and sat two rows behind my friend. She moved a chair out of the way so that she could put her cart across from her. After that she disappeared for a moment, presumably to go order something. Soon she returned with what looked like a small container of rice pudding, very out of place in a Wendy's, which she began to eat contently.

After taking these quick mental notes about the bag lady, I stopped thinking about her and gave my attention to the conversation with Brandon, the content of which escapes me at the moment. Soon, however, I was once again giving my full attention to the lady. She was getting restless and increasingly agitated and began mumbling to herself. This mumbling soon became a monologue. Brandon was in the middle of proving a point when all of a sudden I couldn't take it anymore.

I looked across the table and said, "Brandon I'm not going to lie to you. I haven't been listening to you for the last three sentences or so. The bag lady behind you has started talking to herself." He gave me a sly look and stopped talking so we could hear what she had to say. We were not disappointed.

While she had been eating her rice pudding this Wendy's prophet had gotten more and more social with herself. She began speaking very fast and very intensely. "I don't like Ann Arbor it's so dirty, not like New York, Ann Arbor's full of thieves, people who steal things. Always taking your things. Its full of whores H-O-R-E-S whores not like New York. New York is nice. You tell me Ann Arbor is a nice county. You're lying if you say that. Ann Arbor is full of bad people bad people little kids, little kids are bad in the bathrooms. Ann Arbor has a lot of district libraries…

District libraries… district…libraries…district... district…district…of Columbia. Washington…Washington has a lot of libraries. Washington has a lot of district libraries. Washington…District of Columbia…Chinese. Whores, Ann Arbor is full of whores. Not like New York."

My cousin once ate a tripple burger with bacon, just for something to do.

By this time she had attracted the attention of several others, all of whom were keeping their respective distance. Then she began to get very angry

"No one in Ann Arbor is good. Everyone are bad people. The nuns used to be nice. Not anymore. These are fake nuns they worship Satan. There is an underground ring of Satan worshipers."

We couldn't help ourselves. Brandon and I both indulged in quiet laughter. She glared at us immediately.

"You are laughing because you worship Satan. They are all Satan worshipers they didn't used to be, the nuns."

We stopped laughing and went back to silent observation. Then her attention shifted to a pretentious-looking man who was sitting close to her. The whole time he had been able to ignore her and continue a conversation with an equally pretentious-looking woman.

"You and your monotone voice saying things but no one is listening 'cause you don't say anything. Blah, blah, blah! That's all you say. So that no one else can think you just keep talking so no one else can say anything. Blah, blah, blah. That's all you are saying.

Don't you not pay attention to me. I almost got a Ph.D. from here. You and your monotone voice, saying nothing. You sit there saying nothing, with your monotone voice, and you just keep talking and you just keep talking so that no one else can think, no one else can speak. You just sit there and your monotone voice, drives us crazy. I hate your monotone voice you just use your monotone voice and you drive me crazy."

By this time the lady was standing over the man, as angry as a cat in bag full of kerosene falling on to a baptismal candle. But he didn't do anything. He just kept talking with his monotone voice to his pretentious date.

Seeing his apparent disinterest in satanic nuns, and District Libraries the Wendy's Prophet decided to leave. While still babbling, she replaced her cart of bags with the chair she had moved and went on her way.

You would think that my story ends there, but that would be incorrect. Our own meal having been long since finished, Brandon and I decided to follow the Wendy's Prophet. So we deposited our waste in the proper receptacle and followed the prophet out into the wide world. Outside she began to wander about at an alarmingly fast speed.

You see, the Wendy's Prophet didn't seem like the kind of person who has physical prowess. Then all of a sudden she stopped and looked around. We

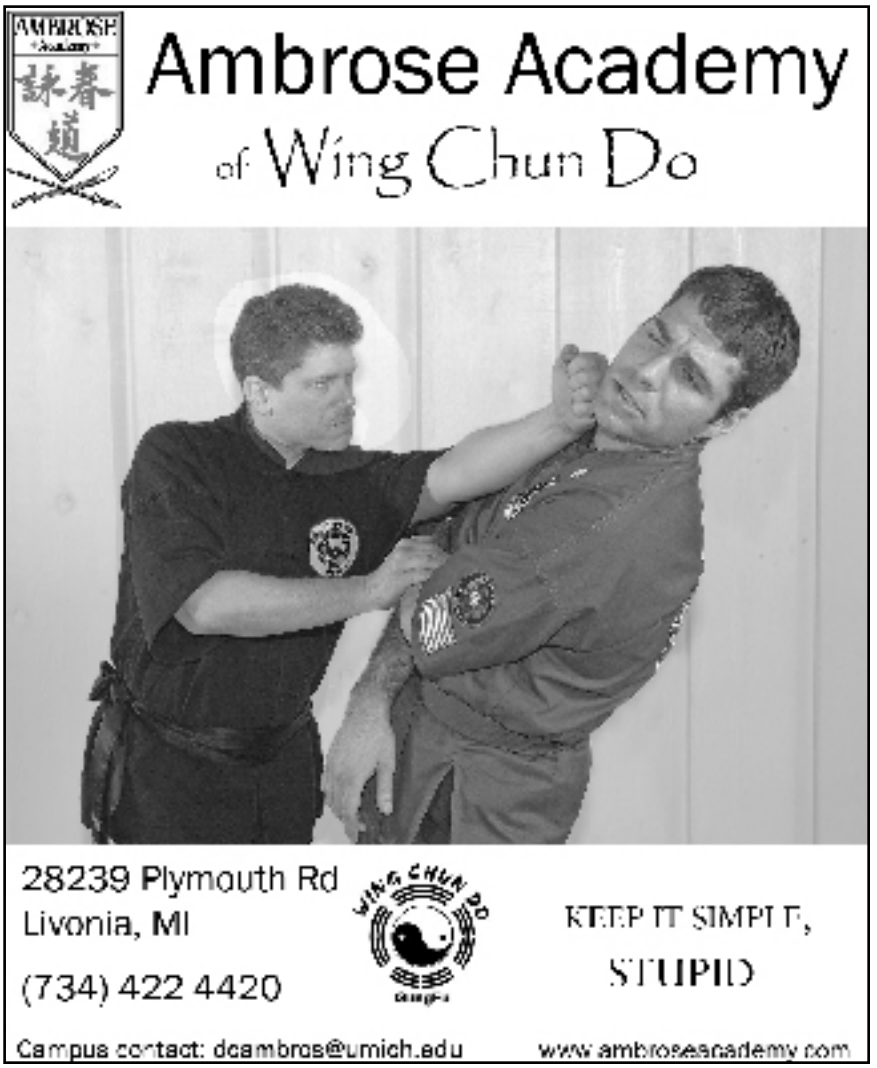
The reader will note the lack of rice pudding tubs.

halted immediately.

"Oh no!" I thought, "The jig is up. She's going to turn around and shank us." But then the fear passed for the Wendy's Prophet began to search through her bags and soon she brought forth a little container of what looked like more rice pudding.

"Oh Squirrels," She began, "my precious squirrels. Come out I brought you dessert. Squirrels! I walked all the way from the store just to bring you this desert…hello… hello? Sir! Sir!" Brandon and I once again exchanged glances.

Finally seeing that there were no squirrels around, she began to wander away and as me and Brandon turned to go back to class I turned back once more to see the Wendy's Prophet - half a block down already and still moving. That was the last I ever saw of her.



Metal "Palm" Grips Fish
"Tell Me What You Want
RUPTURED
I WILL SHOW YOU
How To Get It"
The Whole Family Has Fun!
– with your gift of a
Dremel Moto-Jig Saw
RUPTURED
I'm Dusted with
PULVEX DDT
WANTED
MEN AND WOMEN
GROW MUSHROOM
MECHANICAL DENTISTRY
Requires No Blowing
LIQUID WRENCH
STRANGE
things happen
here!
It's EASY to play
The
MUSICAL SAW
the Glass-O-Phone the Jazz-O-Nette
Musical-Pitchfork Flute-O-Phone
WEB TRUSS CO.
Will You Let
Me PROVE I Can
Make YOU a
New Man?
Another
Weld-wood
Wizard
URANIUM Ore, one full pound (fluorescent), with literature, No c.o.d.'s.
De Ment Laboratories, 5919 S.E. 92d Ave.,
Portland 6, Oregon.
THERES
MONEY
IN
CARTOONS!
LEARN MEAT
RUPTURE
He licks it with Vitalis
Shotgun Quickly "Ages" Chair
For Antique Collector
The Dark Continents
of Your Mind
Shrinks Hemorrhoids
New Way Without Surgery

Jason "Jason Skorski" Skorski presents tales from the tattered casebook of

DETECTIVE BROWN

Now YOU can be Super Sleuths like Detective Brown! Here are some of his greatest cases of all time. Can YOU solve the mysteries?

Detective Brown was looking for a murderer. He went up to Arnold, a suspect, and asked him if he owned a gun. Arnold replied "no". Detective Brown shouted "liar!" and arrested him.

How did Detective Brown know Arnold was lying?

SOLUTION

Detective Brown knew Arnold was lying about owning a gun because Arnold was holding a gun and shooting people when Detective Brown asked him the question.

Bob Cranshaw found his window broken. Detective Brown arrived on the scene. "I don't know what happened," Bob Cranshaw said. "I think someone broke it this morning."
"You're lying!," ejaculated Detective Brown, "someone broke it last week."

How did Detective Brown know that the window was broken last week?

SOLUTION

Detective Brown knew the window was broken last week, because he was playing touch football that week and accidentally threw the ball through the window. Bob Cranshaw didn't find the football inside the house because it had already decomposed by the time he came home.

Detective Brown was called by the Commissioner one night about a burglary report. "Liar!" Detective Brown shouted and hung up the phone.

How did Detective Brown know that the Commissioner was lying?

SOLUTION

Detective Brown knew that there wasn't really a burglary because Detective Brown found and shot all of the burglars in town last night. Additionally, Detective Brown unplugged the Commissioner's phone and replaced it with a trick phone that didn't work, so Detective Brown probably imagined the phone call.

Detective Brown interrogated a murder suspect. "I ain't never killed no one," said the suspect. "Liar!" Detective Brown shouted.

Why did he say this?

SOLUTION

Murderers always use the word "ain't" when they lie. Additionally, Detective Brown wasn't listening at the time. He was actually calling his cat, whose name was Liar.

Detective Brown was interrogating a candy store robber. "Liar!" the candy store robber shouted, in a stunning reversal. Detective Brown was shocked.

Why did the candy store robber call Detective Brown a liar?

SOLUTION

The candy store robber involuntarily shouted "liar" because he had Tourettes Syndrome.

"I love you, Detective Brown," Marcy exclaimed after several years of courting and romantic dates.
"Liar!" Detective Brown exclaimed.

How did Detective Brown know that Marcy was lying?

SOLUTION

Detective Brown knew Marcy was lying because she had a book called "How to Lie" in her hand.

How did you do?

If you scored (out of 6)...

6: Super Sleuth!
5: Regular Sleuth
4: Dumb Sleuth
3: Retarded Sleuth
2: Abysmally Retarded Sleuth
1: Super Sleuth!
0: Detective Brown

A Boy and His Roomba Intelligent Floor Vac

Some are dead and some are living... In my life, I've loved them all.

By Richard Sessmit

Sometimes on cold, windy nights, I think of those I've loved and lost. I think about family, friends, and exes, but mostly I think about Roomba™ Intelligent FloorVac.

The day we met, I had the biggest case of butterflies! I took him out of his package, and I was speechless. He was so sleek and futuristic. I swear it was like meeting Rosy the Robot from the low-budget Hanna-Barbera cartoon, *The Jetsons!*

A Roomba eating Cheerios.

It only took my new baby 48 hours to charge up, and then I let him go to see what he could do. Silly Roomba™ Intelligent FloorVac rolled right into a corner and sat there for twenty minutes sucking the same piece of carpet before his batteries dropped to a low level, and he went looking for his charger. He couldn't find it in time and died underneath the toilet, but I wasn't angry. I put him right back in the charger. It takes time, you know. You have to be patient.

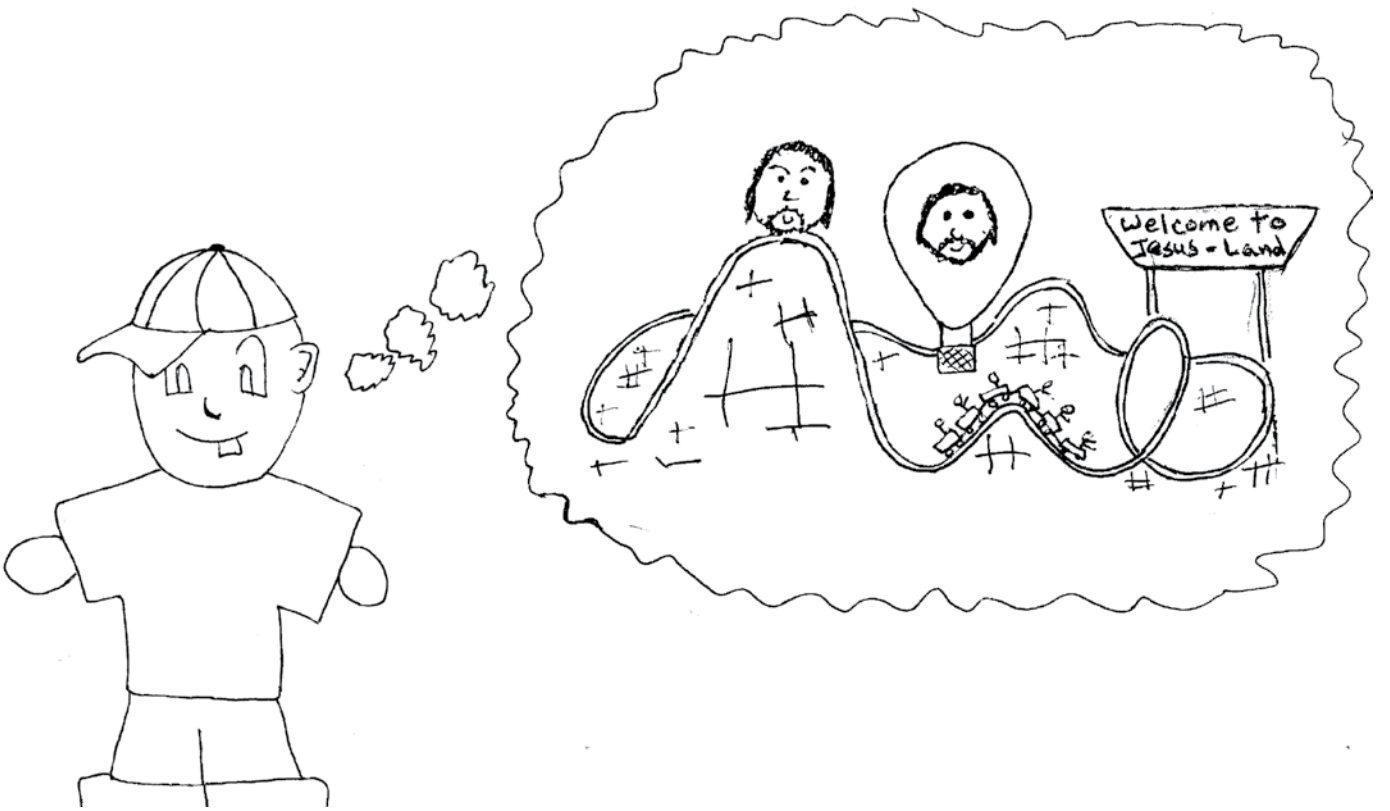
As the months progressed, Roomba™ Intelligent FloorVac became my new best friend. I would come home to find a three foot in diameter circle cleaned out in the living room and Roomba™ Intelligent FloorVac stuck under the couch. I'd giggle and say, "Roomba™ Intelligent FloorVac! You're such a goofball!" Sometimes, when I was in a particularly feisty mood, I'd just call him "Roomba™" or even just "Roomba" and violate established patent law.

Roomba™ Intelligent FloorVac became really smart too. It didn't take him long to be able to recognize walls.

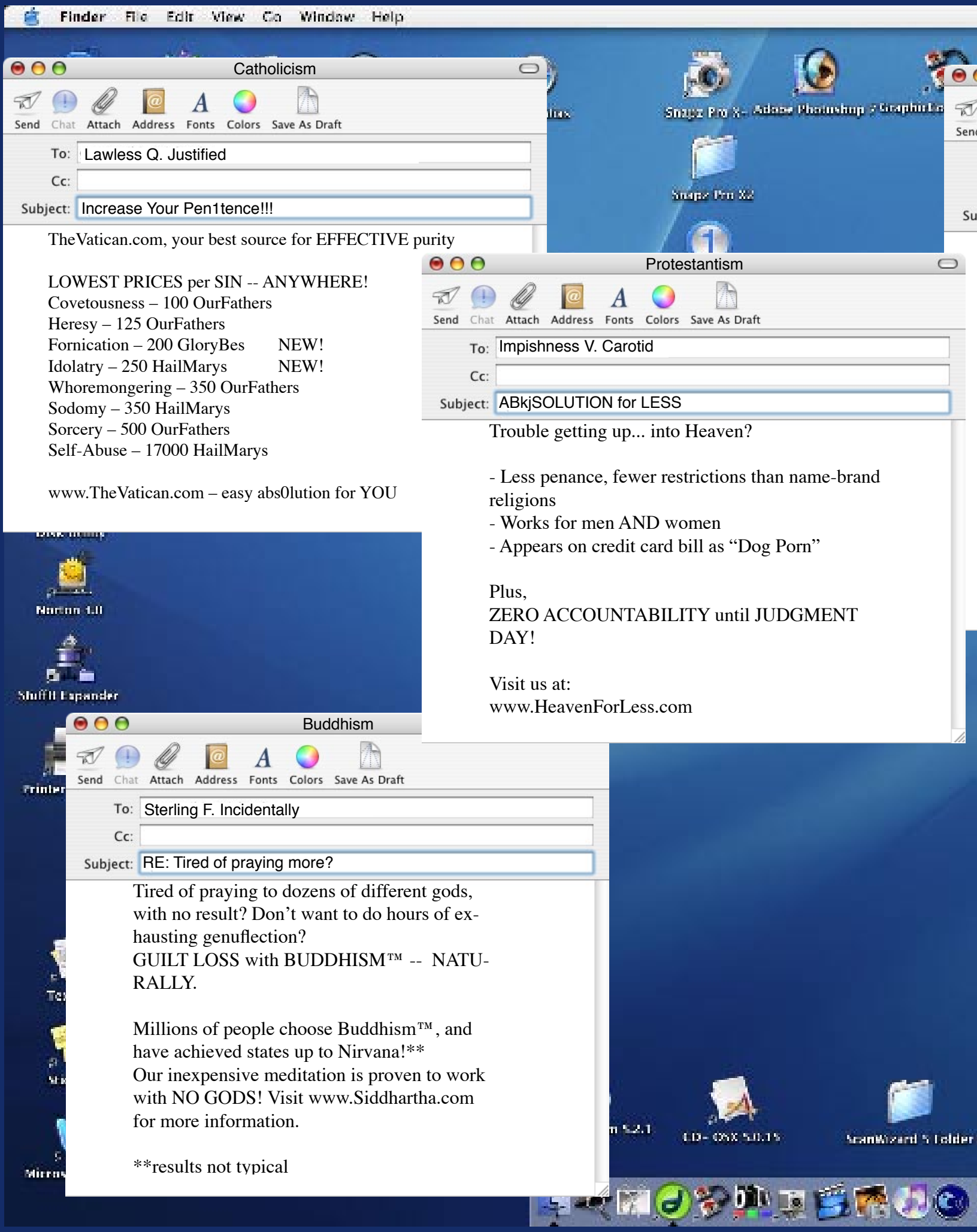
All the happy times ended though, on one cold December day. My friends and I had thrown a big party the night before, and liquor was on the menu. We all drank too much, and one of my friends vomited all over the carpet. At the time I didn't care; I was so hammered I passed out in my room.

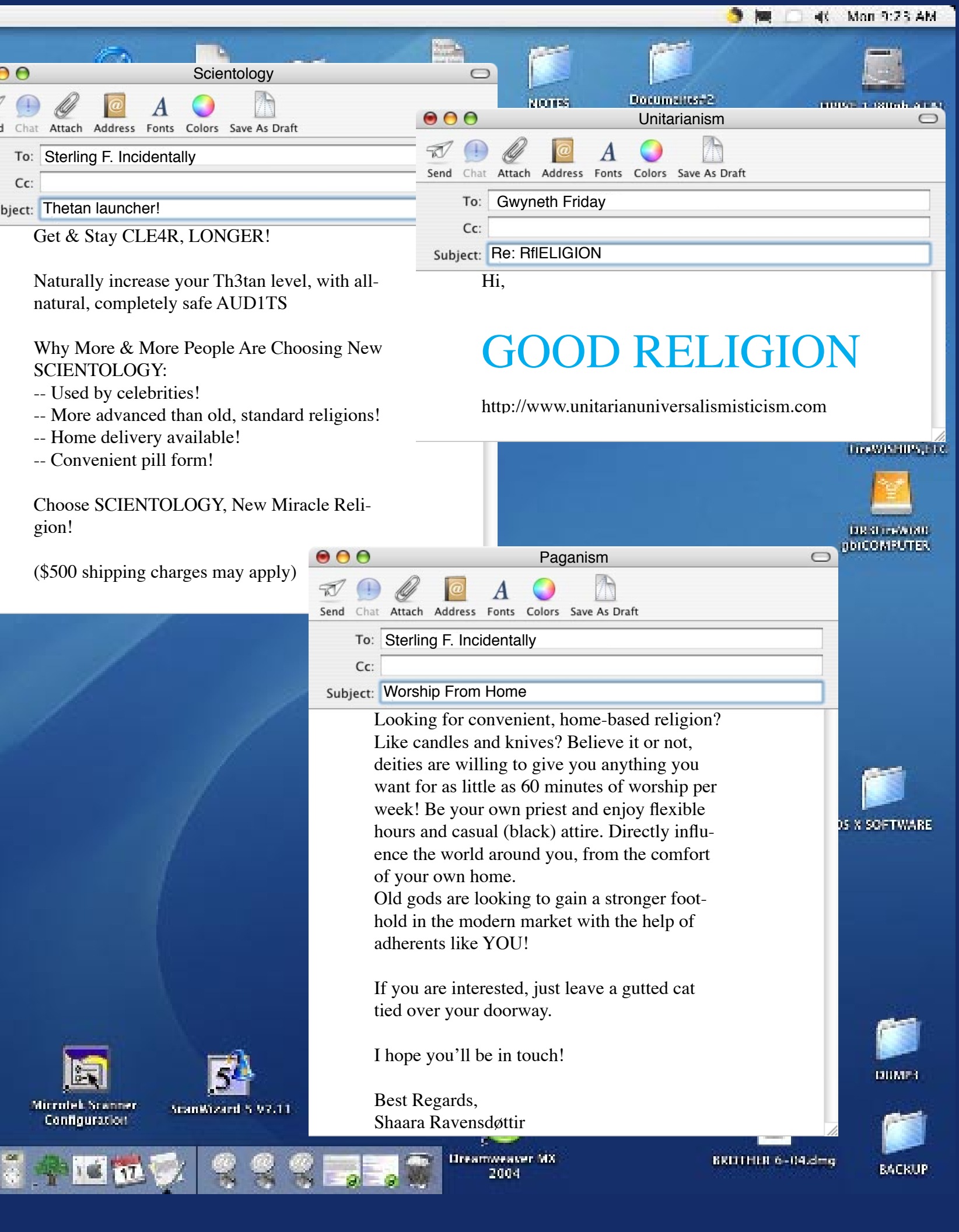
Well, I woke up the next morning, late for school and ran out the door, totally forgetting about the vomit. Except for my hangover, the day was like any other until I got home around 5:00 p.m. As I went up to my apartment I smelled what reminded me of burning varnish. I opened my door, walked into the living room, and found Roomba™ Intelligent FloorVac lying, twitching, and screaming (in his own way) in pain. He had been going about his daily vacuuming and tried to clean up the vomit. It was too much for his 6 cc dust-storage container, and he burned out his motor. That's what the smell had been. The coils in his motor had melted! I'm sick just talking about it. Burning flesh is one thing, but burning electronics is just disgusting.

Anyway, I knew Roomba™ Intelligent FloorVac's time was limited, and I couldn't see him like this anymore. He was in too much pain. I picked him up, took him out back, and tied him to a tree stump. I went inside and came back with my 12-gauge and pumped three rounds into Roomba™ Intelligent FloorVac. Afterwards I broke down in tears and passed out from the stress. I woke up later that night and prepared Roomba™ Intelligent FloorVac with a tempura coating. It was the best dinner I've ever eaten.



"Heaven is a wonderful place, Billy. The best place!"

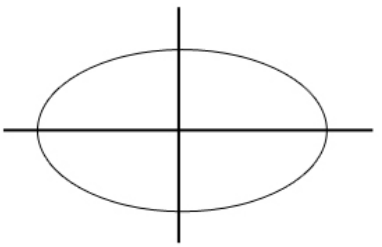

Finder File Edit View Go Window Help
Catholicism
Send Chat Attach Address Fonts Colors Save As Draft
To: Lawless Q. Justified
Cc:
Subject: Increase Your Pen1tence!!!
TheVatican.com, your best source for EFFECTIVE purity
LOWEST PRICES per SIN -- ANYWHERE!
Covetousness – 100 OurFathers
Heresy – 125 OurFathers
Fornication – 200 GloryBes NEW!
Idolatry – 250 HailMarys NEW!
Whoremongering – 350 OurFathers
Sodomy – 350 HailMarys
Sorcery – 500 OurFathers
Self-Abuse – 17000 HailMarys
www.TheVatican.com – easy abs0lution for YOU
Protestantism
Send Chat Attach Address Fonts Colors Save As Draft
To: Impishness V. Carotid
Cc:
Subject: ABkjSOLUTION for LESS
Trouble getting up... into Heaven?
- Less penance, fewer restrictions than name-brand religions
- Works for men AND women
- Appears on credit card bill as “Dog Porn”
Plus,
ZERO ACCOUNTABILITY until JUDGMENT DAY!
Visit us at:
www.HeavenForLess.com
Buddhism
Send Chat Attach Address Fonts Colors Save As Draft
To: Sterling F. Incidentally
Cc:
Subject: RE: Tired of praying more?
Tired of praying to dozens of different gods, with no result? Don’t want to do hours of exhausting genuflection?
GUILT LOSS with BUDDHISM™ -- NATURALLY.
Millions of people choose Buddhism™, and have achieved states up to Nirvana!**
Our inexpensive meditation is proven to work with NO GODS! Visit www.Siddhartha.com for more information.
**results not typical


Scientology
Chat
Attach
Address
Fonts
Colors
Save As Draft
To: Sterling F. Incidentally
Cc:
bject: Thetan launcher!
Get & Stay CLE4R, LONGER!
Naturally increase your Th3tan level, with all-natural, completely safe AUD1TS
Why More & More People Are Choosing New SCIENTOLOGY:
-- Used by celebrities!
-- More advanced than old, standard religions!
-- Home delivery available!
-- Convenient pill form!
Choose SCIENTOLOGY, New Miracle Religion!
($500 shipping charges may apply)
Unitarianism
Send
Chat
Attach
Address
Fonts
Colors
Save As Draft
To: Gwyneth Friday
Cc:
Subject: Re: RflELIGION
Hi,
GOOD RELIGION
http://www.unitarianuniversalismisticism.com
Paganism
Send
Chat
Attach
Address
Fonts
Colors
Save As Draft
To: Sterling F. Incidentally
Cc:
Subject: Worship From Home
Looking for convenient, home-based religion? Like candles and knives? Believe it or not, deities are willing to give you anything you want for as little as 60 minutes of worship per week! Be your own priest and enjoy flexible hours and casual (black) attire. Directly influence the world around you, from the comfort of your own home.
Old gods are looking to gain a stronger foothold in the modern market with the help of adherents like YOU!
If you are interested, just leave a gutted cat tied over your doorway.
I hope you'll be in touch!
Best Regards,
Shaara Ravensdøttir
Mirrotek Scanner Configuration
Dreamweaver MX 2004
BACKUP

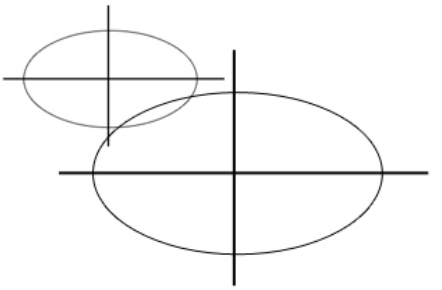
Let The Gargoyle Teach You

How to Draw

HOW TO DRAW A CAT IN 3 SIMPLE STEPS



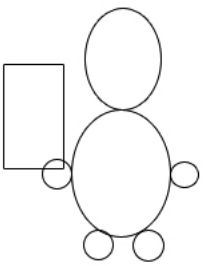
First, draw the basic shape, in this case, an oval.



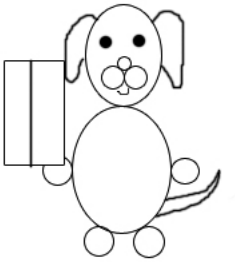
Next, do the same thing except this time, make it smaller for the head.

Lastly, draw a cat.

HOW TO DRAW A DOG READING THE NEWSPAPER



Start with the basic shapes: a circle for the head and body and a rectangle for the paper.

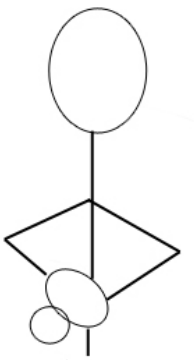


Add the ears, nose, and tail. Erase some unwanted lines.

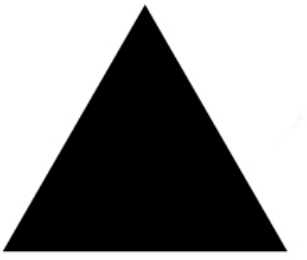
Now, just add the details.

HOW TO DRAW A TRIANGLE IN 3 SIMPLE STEPS

Start with a rough outline.

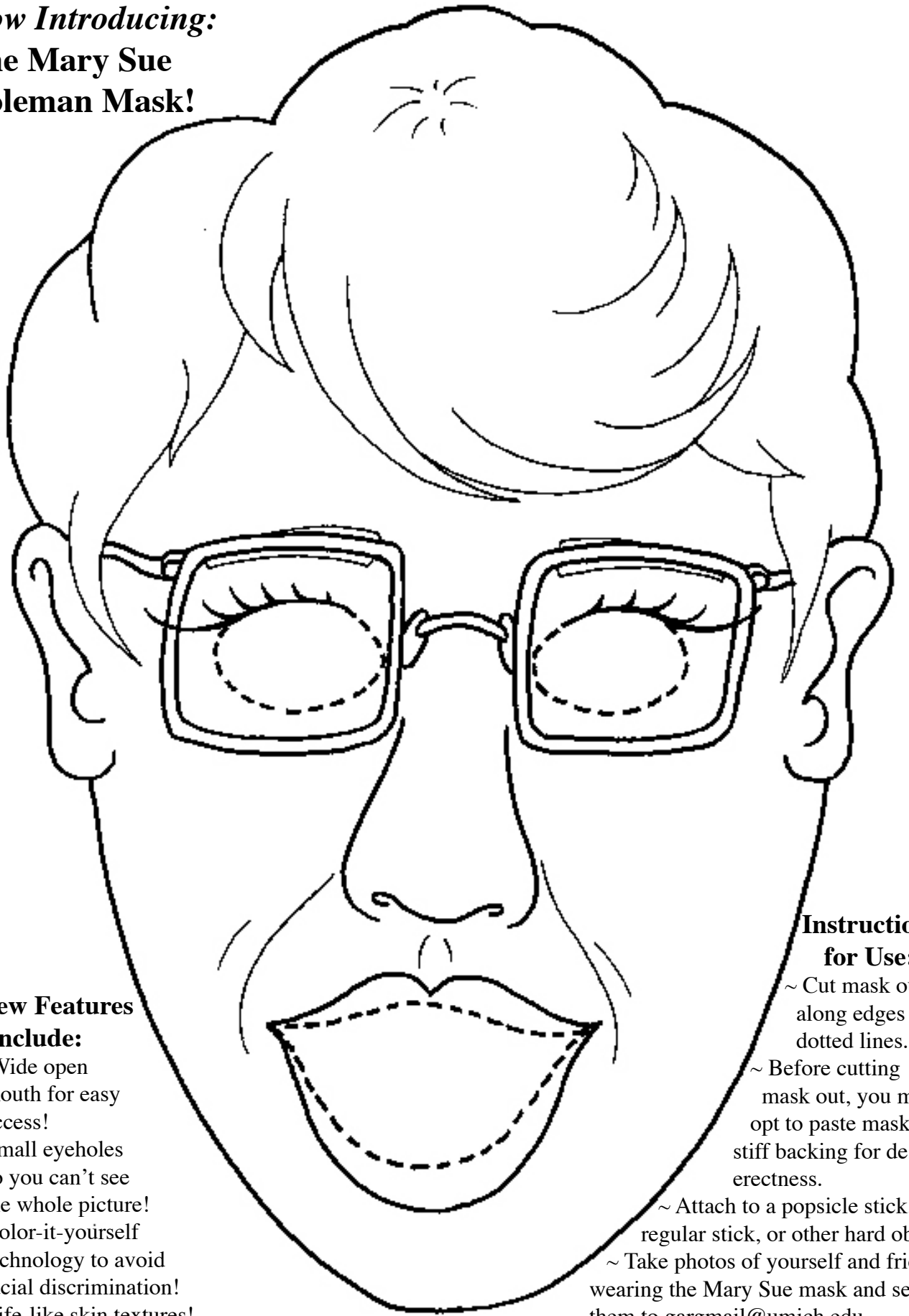


Refine your lines and erase unwanted marks.



Color it in. You now have a triangle!

Now Introducing:
The Mary Sue Coleman Mask!



New Features Include:

~ Wide open mouth for easy access!
~ Small eyeholes so you can't see the whole picture!
~ Color-it-yourself technology to avoid racial discrimination!
~ Life-like skin textures!

Instructions for Use:

~ Cut mask out along edges and dotted lines.
~ Before cutting mask out, you may opt to paste mask to a stiff backing for desired erectness.
~ Attach to a popsicle stick, regular stick, or other hard object.
~ Take photos of yourself and friends wearing the Mary Sue mask and send them to gargmail@umich.edu.

Pudge

By Stanely Shankway

There was a knock at the door. Eyes shot open. Brad was stiff, awake in bed, hard under his boxers, wondering who it was knocking at this hour, in the middle of the night, when the humans sleep and only fiends pass through the realm of the living like dark specters, hallucinations of a bad acid trip.

So Brad got up, got out of bed, put on a shirt, all the time a knocking, a persistent knocking at the door.

"Just a second, please." He moved to the door and let himself peek through the peep hole, took a gander at the little freak standing outside. A real weird little kid, probably molested by his parents on a regular basis, and he was standing with some kind of brown rectangular prism in his arms. Curious.

Brad opened the door. "What do you want, kid?" The child was a pudgy ten year old boy, his eyes squinty from the fat in his cheeks, short raspy blonde hair, and pouty lips that made Brad shift a little under his boxers. No, that couldn't be the reason.

"I'm here... hehhghhhh... hehghhhhh," he took long asthmatic breaths every few words, "I wanted to ask you... do you have a moment to spare, sir?"

"What do you want? Do you realize what time it is, kid?"

"Well I'm sorry to intrude 'n all, it's just, we have these bars, chocolate.... hehhhe, hehhh. Do you think you might like to buy a bar or two, sir?"

Chocolate? Brad thought about it. It would be rude to send Chunks away without the slightest consideration at this time of the evening, when vampires roam the streets looking for supple young children to feed upon. "Why don't you come into my house and we'll discuss this further, really get to the bottom of the whole reason you're really here, kid."

"Well, I don't know. We're not supposed to do that... Maybe you're a pudge-fucker. Dirty pudge-fucker."

"Jesus, kid! I mean, where does that come from? I just want to buy candy, is all. Please, come inside, I'll grab my wallet – all very professional, on the up-and-up." Pudge peeked inside, considering.

"Well, all right, heghhgh... I guess it should be fine. You have an honest face, sir." A dark smile spread over the kid's face as he entered the suburban, cookie-cutter domicile.

"This is quite a nice home you have, sir. Reminds me of my grandma's, smells like a, hehhhg... hehhh... wet dog... and mothballs."

"Wet dog?"

"It can be hard to get that smell out, it really sticks to you, yuh know, gets in your crevices."

Brad was confused, a bit flustered, a bit angered. He always thought of his home as impeccable, really, hermetically sealed, plastic-factory scented stuff. There were no mothballs because there were no moths, and no dog because Brad hated animals. "I don't --"

"You have any kids, sir? This place seems great for kids. I'd build a fort over there in the corner out of that table and those fluffy cushions."

"Why don't we just sit down in the living room and get this over with? It's late and I've got work tomorrow."

"Oh, you mean you sleep? I gave that up, it seems unnecessary, especially with life being as short as it is. No time to waste, you know. I get so much more done now that I've given it up. Can I make a fort over here while we do this?"

"That's probably not such a good idea. Here's two dollars, why don't you just give me the candy and then you can head home?"

"Here, take this," Pudge opened up his box and removed a Cruncher Bar, which he handed over to Brad. "These are popular ones." Pudge started removing his shirt and pants.

"Whoah, wait a second kid, what are you doing?"

"I just want to build a fort is all, then we can really get down to business." Brad was stiff for sure now. He couldn't help himself from indulging when this tasty dish was ready to bend over and spread his juicy, plump, posterior lobes. Pudge obviously knew what he was doing, showing up at three AM at a stranger's home.

Brad unwrapped the Cruncher Bar as he watched Pudge create a fort from the coffee table and couch cushions. The chocolate was delicious, absolutely scrumptious; to call it orgasmic wouldn't do justice to the fun Brad was about to have with Pudge, but it was certainly tasty. Really a good treat, it made Brad's tongue go numb with flavor. It made his knees wobbly with anticipation. It made his vision begin to blur into whiteness, it made his ears start ringing, humming intensely, it made him collapse to the ground and pass out as Pudge frolicked in the living room, putting the finishing touches on his fort.

Coming to now, Brad's head hurt like hell. What the fuck had that little shit done to him? It was all some kind of elaborate con: get in, drug him, and steal all of his precious Ikea furniture. They'd grab the entertainment center, computer, and all of that before he knew what was what. Now there was only throbbing, intense, inescapable throbbing.

"Excuse me, where do you

keep your DVDs?" Fuckers! They were still in the house and asking for help with robbing Brad's carefully accumulated possessions. Dear God, did these people have balls. "I'm looking for something for my grandson. Do you have 'The Jiggle Wigglers Christmas Special'?"

Brad's vision was slowly returning, the world around him was slowly regaining definition, but his entire body felt as though his very muscle fibers themselves were barely holding together. He was on the brink of melting into a puddle of orange, pinkish ooze.

"Excuse me! Conrad, is it? Could you just point me to your DVD section?" Wait, he could see it now. Frightening reality was returning to Brad--it was an elderly, hunch-backed woman with a cane. He was losing it, this couldn't be right, old people don't break into your home and steal your DVD collection. And the lights, these were much too harsh, nothing like Brad's living room. The ceilings, too high, like a warehouse, or an electronics store.

Suddenly, the voice of authority: "Conrad, is everything all right here? This nice young lady is asking you a question. What is it you're looking for ma'am?"

"Why thank you. I'm looking for 'The Jiggle Wigglers Christmas Special'. Do you have it?"

"Why yes, we have it right over here in our new releases section." A blurry, blue-vested man pointed to the left.

"Thank you, young man."

The old lady waddled off, then looking back at Brad, the blue-vested man took a harsher tone, "Conrad, go into the back room, take five, have some coffee maybe. You've got to get it together, man, you can't come into work like this."

"Wait a minute – just... wait! Where am I? What is this--what's going on?"

"Fuck, man. I'm going to look the other way because you're one of the best sales reps here, but you can't be doing this shit, you can't be coming in here all fucked up, man... you're at work. Great Buys, remember? Electronics? Now go in back, take a few minutes for yourself, drink some coffee, and try to pull yourself together if you can. Otherwise it'll be up to you to explain this shit to Gunderson, and he sure doesn't seem to be in a good mood today, but what else is new, right man?"

Electronics? It WAS an electronics store, a fortress of corporate-consumerist culture, a social hub for the socially challenged, a place where Brad normally felt at home. But today was obviously different. Brad could see now, he was regaining control of himself, he was becoming human again, and it wasn't helping him get a grip. There was the blue vest he was wearing and his name tag – which read 'Conrad' for some reason – and the ostensibly familiar co-worker, the missing gaps in his memory that had brought him to this point, and the faint recollection of a horrid little nymph of a child with chocolate. And a Cruncher Bar. A damn chocolate Cruncher Bar.

"Excuse me, sir." An ugly, balding, middle-aged nothing with huge spectacles and the kind of grin you find on idiots looking to avoid trouble wanted something now. "Sir, I was just wondering if... hehhhg... ehhhegh... Sorry, I've got asthma, you see. I was just wondering... Do you sell Cruncher Bars? I love to munch on those little suckers as I watch my Dee-Vay-Dees, delicious, like being in the theaters, you know?"

"Cruncher Bars?" Brad stared at the man, vacant-eyed, trying to put it together, there was something here, it was no coincidence, this was some sick kind of joke being played on him... by his friends at work... or God, or something. This was no coincidence. This was fucking cruel; sadistic, mind-shattering stuff. A crude rage that had been simmering within Brad since his return to consciousness finally came to a boil. "Cruncher Bars... Cruncher Bars! Fuck, I'll show you a Cruncher Bar! ...I'll shove it down your fucking throat!"

Brad leapt on the quivering, simple-minded creature, knocking him to the ground. He began throwing his fists as hard as he could all about the torso and face of the man, really laying them in deep, striking with all of the force he had, but there was the odd dream-like sensation that none of his punches had any real punch to them; they were deflated,

impotent. At least, that's what Brad's nervous system seemed to be transmitting up his spine, but the blood soaking into his hands suggested differently. Moments later, he was lying on the ground, convulsing, as the local police force tazered him repeatedly. Brad passed out. Maybe the nightmare could end now.

Jail was cold and bitter. The floors were much filthier than Brad was used to. A vagrant lying on a cot across from him emitted some kind of sulfuric rotten-cheese smell, as if he bathed in garbage essence. The benches provided were especially uncomfortable, as if somebody had decided that law-breakers should not only be deprived of their freedom, but that every aspect of the jail-cell experience should contribute to the unpleasantness.

How? Why? Brad couldn't understand what was happening. Pudge couldn't have this kind of power, he couldn't be such a force at such a young age. He had said he didn't sleep. Maybe all that extra time gave him the opportunity to plan all of this out. But no, that still left so much to be explained.

The vagrant was moving about now. "There's no use in trying to understand why you're here. No use in questionin' it. Luck of the draw, su'pose." A voice gruffly and reassuring, like a more optimistic Tom Waits. Good ol' hobo wisdom that Brad couldn't care less about.

"Thanks, I guess."

"Yessirree, no problum there at all, captain. I was wondering, have you ever heard of the idea of the multiverse? Quite inneresin stuff. Mind boglin', if I do say so myself."

"Thanks but I'm not interested. I've been having kind of a bad day here and if it's all the same to you, I'd like to just sit here in the shit-smell and pretend I'm dead. Maybe I can get a bit of rest then."

"I understand how yuh feel, captain. I understand yuh. But it's no help to sit there sulkin' when the world starts to jab at yer nuts, boy. You've got to stand up tall and shout from the highest cliffs, 'I'm not going to take none of your sour shit no more!' Aaieeeeeeeh! Aieaieeeeeeh! Give me what you can, world, and I'll take it in stride, I'll take it like the million hand jobs I do for loose change, I'll take it like the tires popping on my bike – my only real possession – I'll take it like a little plump boy who you've just got to take from behind 'cus of that filthy innocent look he's got on his face. I'll take it like --"

"Wait, wait... what was that about the plump boy?"

The hobo let loose a toothy smile; he seemed to hold the wisdom of countless ages in those schizophrenic eyes of his. "You're wondering why certain unexpected things have started to happen to yuh. Right, feller? Certain physical impossibilities?" Curious. What did this hobo know? Brad now became very alert, on guard; could Pudge have planted this cell-mate, could this be part of the sick game that little fuck-potato was playing? Anything was possible at this point.

"You familiar with the multiverse, son?"

Shaking head, confusion, Brad was helpless, baby-child, "Multi-who? No, I-- no, don't--"

"That's okay, captain, sometimes it's better jus tuh sit 'en lissin up. It's all about this here idea that our universe is one of infinite universes. Anything that could imaginably happin does happin in one of these 'ere universes. You see what I'm sayin' boy? That's yer problum."

"I-- uh, yeah... I think... how is that a problem?"

"Heh, some people. Well, boy, what I'm suggestin' is that you're not inhabbitin' the kind of universe here that you thought you were inhabbitin'. We're living in a world where impossibility becomes possibility. Like this here space-portal in the wall here." A blackness covered a three-by-six foot portion of the wall. It was a deep, thick blackness that seemed to absorb all light. Unbelievable. "This here portal is here despite its breaking all the rules of the world we hold dear 'n clear to ourselves. Our universe was only stable to a certain point in temporality. Now we've entered a time where nothing can be taken fer granted, nothing can be assumed as certainty."

"But... what am I supposed to do about it? Where do I go from here?"

Hobo stared at Brad without feeling or remorse. He only held a deep understanding of all as it was and would forever be in those shit-brown eyes. He was a king in this new world. He looked up at the ceiling without a word, held his head there for a second, then turned to the portal, staring intensely without a word of advice.

Brad got up and walked to the portal. "Fuck it. Anything's better than this smell." The darkness consumed him, he disappeared into beautiful darkness.

Brad was lost in nothingness, yet he could still feel his physical self, he was there. He walked on for what might have been days, or years, or maybe just a few moments, then catastrophe: a wall. He turned to the left and started walking again, but another wall. Quick, where he came from – another wall. There were walls on all sides, he was surrounded, closed in, just left with a little box of a world that seemed to have some sort of physicality to it but was void of any true significance or meaning.

But there was something: a doorknob! There was a door! A way out! Brad reached for the knob and

gave it a good twist, pushed the door open.

Blinding light.

Blinding whiteness filled Brad's retinae, it looked like the real world might be returning to him now, he was landing, and quite importantly he was free now. Sounds now, the laughter of children, gruff older gentlemen, maybe truckers, asking for milkshakes and fries, and a woman demanding her onion and pickle-free Dingo Deluxe Value Meal with cheese. Brad was in Mr. McDoogal's Food Factory, fast food for people who just want to eat. At least that's the tag line they've got on their billboards and signs. He took a seat as his head oriented itself, he slowly felt the puzzle pieces of his brain moving towards an assembled state, anti-entropy.

Then tears, tears of immense sorrow. Lucidity only brought intense despondency – there was nothing left to do, there was no hope of a normal life. For all Brad knew, he was doomed to spend the rest of his existence in a state of perpetual befuddlement, trying to make sense out of life's new inclination for throwing curve balls at his head. Brad cried quietly, listening, watching how the patrons here casually ate their greasy processed meat, seeing the pleasure they had in their ignorant, simple lives, a pleasure he so cherished now. Why couldn't he be like them again? Or maybe there never was such a thing, just an ideal which Brad had constructed.

A nagging, terrible voice was growing more distinct among the crowd, growing in decibels until Brad was finally able to distinguish it from the crowd. "You know, I heard that a few weeks ago... Hehhhgheh... heghhhhh... that this guy who worked here shot one of the customers. Why do you think a worker would do that? It's not going to bring back repeat business." That voice, that wheeze, they were permanently etched into Brad's memory: Pudge! Brad swung around in his chair and saw the boy, the one who started all of this madness, the source. He was with some older man, his father or a john maybe. Brad didn't care at this point.

Brad got up and walked over to the boy. "Kid! Kid, remember me? You came to my house at three AM selling candy?" The older man

didn't take kindly to Brad. He eyed him up and down, trying to determine if he was a psychotic, no doubt. Brad didn't care, he needed answers. "You drugged me and set me up at the electronics store? Remember?!" All eyes in the restaurant were on the three men now. Brad couldn't hold back. He'd be back in jail again soon enough. "You fucking whore! What have you done to me?! What's going on here!?"

"Hey, calm down there," the man was trying to keep the situation under control, probably thought he was a real cool guy, real even-tempered, but he was a simple pudge-fucker, a dirty, dirty Pudge-fucker. "The boy will answer you, but only if you address him politely. All right? Jesus. Tell the man what he wants to know, Peter, so we can get the food and shoot back to my place."

Pudge looked up, like a little Buddha statue, shrunken and reanimated, then stuffed into cheap overalls and a red tee shirt. His mousy hair spilled out from the sides of a crookedly worn baseball cap. He looked up at Brad and spoke: "This might be a bit disappointing, I know... heghhhhhhe... heghhhhe... but, you see there Conrad, I haven't done any of this to you. There is no answer to what you're asking me, sir--"

"Bullshit!"

"Try not to take it so badly. A lack of answers never bothered you in the past. But don't give up, the search is somewhat amusing, keeps you on your toes, keeps the good ol' adrenaline reserves pumping and the heart a'beatin'. Heghhhheh... heghhhheh... Just keep looking; the better you understand the question you're asking, the better you'll feel about your situation, about not Knowing, you know? That's all I really got for you, sorry there. Let's go, Brad, I'm not hungry anymore. Conrad here smells like wet dog and mothballs." Pudge looked to his friend then motioned towards the door. The two walked towards the exit, leaving Brad in the cold fluorescent lights.